#SummertimeSlick 2017 Ficlets Collection

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#SummertimeSlick 2017 Ficlets Collection

by TheSilverQueen

Summary

A collection of all the ficlets for #SummertimeSlick 2017, the prompt calendar for which can be found HERE. Summary will change to reflect the most current day, and warnings will be chapter-specific at the beginning of each.

Day 3: Scenting - Hannibal pisses Will off. Will goes about finding a way to piss him off right back, and he starts with a perfume shop.

Day 4: Tropes Tuesday - When the sun rises, in addition to blinking to adjust his eyes, Hannibal gets the added psychedelic bonus of having a talking, glittering golden lamb parked on his chest with a facial expression more suited to grumpy cat than a cute, fluffy baby sheep. He wonders if this is punishment for all of his metaphors.

Day 5: True Mates - There are countless movies and scientific papers and magazines displaying that amazing moment when true mates cross paths for the first time and they find their voices. For Will, when he meets Hannibal's eyes and hears "Not fond of eye contact, are you?" it is the worst moment of his life.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Werewolf AU

Chapter Summary

Wherein Hannibal is really Remus of Rome, and Will is the first werewolf in thousands of years to perk his interest.

Chapter Notes

I shamelessly over-used Greek mythology in my #Hannictober and #HanniHolidays collection so, uh, welcome to my dabbling in Roman mythology. :D

And yes, I'm late, hush I'm working on it lol.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The first time Hannibal Lecter meets Will Graham, he nearly shifts out of shock.

And to be fair, it's not that the fact that Will Graham is a werewolf is surprising, really. Werewolves went public eons ago, and although the whole "equal rights" thing is still an issue that raises the hackles of lawyers and legislators everywhere, it's no longer quite so publicly acceptable to trap wolves in silver and toss them into ponds and lakes to drown. Hannibal would know; his attempted murder count has gone far, far down since then, although it's actually quite difficult to kill Hannibal.

He is one of the first werewolves, after all. It had been a gift from Mother Lupa, who'd taken him and his brother to a high cliff under the full moon and said, "This will be your home, one day" and then bit them rather unceremoniously on the neck before kicking them off the cliff to give them the adrenaline rush to shock them into their first shift.

Romulus had later returned to that same cliff and built Rome around it, biting people as he pleased before his eventual death.

Hannibal – although he'd been known as Remus, way back then – had been more . . . discreet. He'd never begrudged Romulus Rome, because he had known since he was very young that he had no interest in ruling a city in a great destiny. He'd stayed quiet and low profile, popping up every few centuries to amuse himself before vanishing into wolf form until everyone who knew him had died and he could do it all over again. He'd never even once considered biting someone else and giving them the gift or joining any pack. Baltimore was his territory, and no wolf foolish enough to challenge him for it had lived to tell the tale.

Well, lived for very long, at any rate. Some babbled quite nicely in his cellar.

But then his latest affair convinces him to go see a play, “just for fun” she says. It’s the story of the rise of Rome, from the birth of Romulus and Remus, and seeing how historians have mangled the story of his birth always amuses Hannibal so he agrees.

He’s not usually quite so amused by whatever cardboard cut-out or fake fur skin they drape over whomever gets the honor of playing Mother Lupa, but this time it takes his breath away, because a lithe silver wolf trots out on soft paws and noses at the fake dolls in the basket in the fake river. He sniffs, like any real wolf would; he pokes around curiously for any traps of humans, as a real wolf would; and then quick as a flash he seizes the basket in his teeth and makes off for the woods, where the curtain lowers for a scene change and Hannibal is left rigid in his seat, because he’s never ever met a single wolf he hasn’t wanted to rip to shreds – he once even bit Mother Lupa, when he was new to the shift – but this one, *this one* smells like pine trees and freshly melted winter snow and baked apple pie and Hannibal *wants*.

Then the curtain rises and there is the wolf again, curled in a tiny fake burrow, licking gently at the fake dolls, and for all that Hannibal can clearly smell his distate and boredom, the image makes emotions swell in his breast, and all he can think of is *pups*.

He’s not sure how his scent changes, but it must, for the wolf’s head snaps up and his fangs emerge and Hannibal –

Hannibal thinks, *Oh.*

After the play, which ends with the triumphant Romulus mourning the death of his brother before going onto build Rome in the politest and therefore most boring interpretation of their fate, Hannibal mingles with the other adults as the children run around in full costume, glowing as they soak up the lavish and at times over-the-top praise from their parents.

All, that is, except one.

Will Graham stands in a corner, eyes downcast, tugging self-consciously at his worn clothing with one hand as he methodically devours a meat kabob with the other. He smells even more exquisite in human form, once one gets past the scent of oil and human and dirt.

Hannibal walks over and says, “Hello, my name is Hannibal Lecter.”

Will takes one look, narrows his eyes, and bites off the last bit of meat. Then he licks his lips and angles the kabob stick like a dagger and says, “Go away.”

Hannibal is not exactly deterred. This close, he can smell it, the faint fever of a recent heat, and it’s always practical for a young omega to be wary of an older, stronger alpha in a crowd of strangers. If anything, he finds himself even more amused at the threat, although the kabob stick would hardly inconvenience a wolf like him at all.

So Hannibal takes one step back, politely, and bares his neck. Not too long or a lot, just enough to say, *I am not a threat, I just want to speak, here are all my cards on the table.*

Traditionally, the other party would do the same, unless the other had a superior standing. Mother Lupa would never bare her neck to Hannibal or Romulus, for example, even if Hannibal and Romulus used to great each other with equally bared necks.

Will Graham, though – Will just narrows his eyes even more and crosses his arms.

“Someone has been careless with your education, pup.”

Will shrugs. “Not much an education to give when your father shoots the werewolf who bit you dead.”

So not just a young wolf then. A young wolf with no ties. Hannibal only just barely manages to keep his mouth from watering, because even though he’s never wanted a pack, he knows the first way to start one is to have loyal inductees and Will Graham has no other wolf to give his loyalty too.

“Interesting. Wolfsbane or silver?”

Will snorts, twirling the empty kabob stick carelessly in one hand. The action belies the tension Hannibal can practically smell radiating from him; he smells like he’s about to erupt into the shift at any moment. It’s intoxicating.

“Neither,” Will answers. “Got a clean shot and severed the spine, and then tossed it on a campfire. Human one moment, and then, bam, werewolf the next and – and why am I still talking to you?”

Hannibal smiles, just slightly, and let’s his own wolf eyes glow. “The lone wolf dies while the pack survives,” he says, because it’s the mantra Mother Lupa drilled into him from day one. “Even you, as young and inexperienced as you are, know that if this room were to turn on you, I’d be your best chance at survival.”

“True,” Will says thoughtfully. “I’d just let you die as a distraction and escape.”

And Hannibal can’t help it; he laughs.

Taking responsibility for Will Graham is relatively easy. Hannibal may be old-fashioned, but he’s not stupid enough to ignore modern advancements; he long ago put in place the legal groundwork to claim Baltimore – and most of Maryland, in fact – as his territory, and Will Graham has no wolf pack and no human family, meaning that he’s a ward of the state on two fronts. They’re quite happy to usher him into Hannibal’s custody and make countless apologies that Will was moved into his territory without the proper warning or notifications.

Will, on the other hands, takes to it with the grace of a cat forced into a bath.

That is, he spends most of his day hiding and most of his nights hiding. Hannibal only ever catches stray sightings of his curls or his tail every once in a while, but as long as Will is still going to school (a much better one now, of course), eating a healthy amount for a growing wolf (everything carefully chosen and prepared by Hannibal, of course), and not destroying

Hannibal's garden or home, Hannibal is content to leave him be. Will can't avoid him forever.

And then comes the full moon.

Werewolves do not *need* to change with the moon. Of course the urge is strong and giving in prevents stress and toxins from building up, but Hannibal has resisted before. Will, however, is young and without an anchor, so moments after moonrise, the backdoor opens and the little silver wolf comes trotting grumpily out into the garden – only to freeze when he spots Hannibal reclining in a nearby chair, human-shaped with a book and a cup of tea.

Will's jaw drops.

Hannibal clears his throat. "Hello, Will. You're looking better."

Will snarls.

"I offered to teach you as a true alpha should," Hannibal reminds him. "You refused, do you not recall?"

Will thumps his tail in agreement, and then looks away. He smells of wet dirt and embarrassment, which wasn't quite what Hannibal was intending – he had been quite pleased when Will had subsequently sank his teeth into Hannibal's leg and broken the bone, actually – but if it works to get Will to finally, finally start actually opening himself to the things Hannibal can teach him, Hannibal will take. Wolves do not wait for fair advantages; they take every advantage as it comes.

Hannibal takes a placid sip of his tea. "It's not as difficult as most werewolves think. You just must accept that we are neither human nor wolf. We are both and neither, and we can be both at any time we choose."

Will makes a grumbling little huff, claws pressing into the dirt. He truly is a lovely wolf, all silver fur that shimmers in the moonlight and with clear blue eyes. Hannibal's not sure where his coloring comes from, as most wolves get their color from their alpha or their genetics, but he appreciates it all the same.

"Let me show you," Hannibal says, and then he stands and begins to disrobe.

Will makes the highest squeak Hannibal has ever heard – and Hannibal's wolf ears are quite good – and immediately flees for the other side of the garden, sitting down pointedly behind a tree with his tail a stiff line behind him.

Little wolf, Hannibal chuckles, already shifted, *surely it cannot be anything new to your eyes.*

Will bares his teeth. *You promised to teach me, not flash me.*

Who says I can't do both? Hannibal retorts, because he'd seen far more of Mother Lupa and Romulus than he had ever wanted to in the beginning, and he's learned it's just something that comes with the territory.

You . . . can hear me?

Let me teach you, Hannibal says again, laying down to Will and huffing in amusement at the narrow-eyed glare Will gives, even if it's far less powerful when he's almost twice the mass of Will. *I will make you a true wolf in all the ways that matter, and you will never want for anything again.*

Will puts his head down on his paws and sighs. He's still so young; Hannibal really can't blame his reticence. Losing his pack and family in one fell swoop surely damaged his ability to believe in others who could help, especially since he was found and tended to by human social workers who encouraged him to bury the wolf and remain human. It is a not a mindset Hannibal has ever seen good results out of, unless you count the glorious becoming of several of his patients he's carefully guided into their true selves. That was just child's play though.

Will Graham – Will Graham will be his life's work, his masterpiece, his legacy.

After a long moment of watching the wind ripple the grass, nose twitching at the scents, Will finally, hesitantly leans against Hannibal's side. *Okay, Alpha,* Will says, *teach me.*

Five years later, after a long hunt and satisfying meal, Hannibal will collapse panting into soft grass of their garden only for Will to pin him playfully, naked and unashamed and gorgeous, and he will purr, "Come on, Alpha, teach me" and roll his sinful hips right against Hannibal's own and Hannibal will groan and bare his throat and destroy half the garden and they will emerge after a five-day frenzy with fresh claiming bites.

And the next time Mother Lupa comes by, cool and dignified as always, Hannibal will say, "This is my omega, Will" and Mother Lupa will sniff and say "It's about time" and his mate will bear his sharp teeth and after a thousand years of being alone, all will be right with Hannibal's world.

FINIS

Chapter End Notes

Day 2's prompt is "New Kink Discovery". Might involve more werewolves.

As always, inspiration for this was drawn heavily from Rick Riordan, even though this time it comes from his sorta-sequel series "Heroes of Olympus" that dealt with the Roman demigods as opposed to the "Percy Jackson and the Olympians" series that dealt with Greek ones. If you haven't read it, I recommend them both, it's fascinating to see how Roman and Greek mythology can work side by side in the "real modern world", so to speak.

P.S. To those wondering about my #HannibalEverAfter collection, it is NOT abandoned, I promise. I just had to take a step back due to RL stuff and because I swiveled to focus

on my Big Bang. One day I will complete it, though, I have SOOOO many ideas.

New Kink Discovery

Chapter Summary

> Will is Mother Lupa, the wolf who raised Remus and Romulus of ancient Rome. Hannibal is the demigod son of Mercury, and he's got his eyes set on having Will as his patron.

Chapter Notes

> I honestly don't know wtf this is. Originally I had two different ideas for the werewolf prompt, so I split them into the werewolf one for day 1 and this thingy for day 2 and it kinda . . . . . got out of control. A lot.
>
> But anyways, again, I drew a lot from Rick Riordan's "Heroes of Olympus" series here and Roman mythology, since I favored Greek mythology so heavily in previous collections. If you haven't read that series I highly recommend it. Random characters I threw in here were really just to amuse me and anyone else whose read the books, they don't matter if you have no idea who the hell they are.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

> The first time Will Graham meets Hannibal Lecter, he nearly eats him.
>
> To be fair, it wasn’t like he had a grudge against Hannibal or anything. Will attempts to eat all who trespass into the Wolf House, whether willingly or unwillingly. To cross the threshold is to enter the same pact as all who came before, and it is very simple: conquer or die.
>
> It does not matter if they are young or old, screaming or bold, conscious or unaware. Will can make a meal out of anything, and sometimes the game leading up to the meal is the best part.
>
> Hannibal, it turns out, has a slight advantage. Not in knowing, not really, because no demigod can ever suspect what Will can bring down upon their head, but in terms of reaction time he isn’t half bad. He only stares for about half a second; the next second, he rolls to his feet and flings a knife straight at Will. He’s smart too, not waiting to see if it makes contact before fleeing for higher ground to assess the situation there.
>
> On Will’s part, he just lets loose a great snort of amusement as the knife bounces off his hide. No mortal steel can pierce his skin.
>
> Hannibal narrows his eyes and vanishes into the dark.

The game of wolf-and-human continues for several more days. Normally merely surviving a few days would be enough for Will to end the game and begin formal training of a new recruit for Camp Jupiter, but he continues this game because Hannibal has spent these days hiding and fleeing, not actually fighting. And Will understands the strategic value of retreat, but he wants to see what this demigod is made of, and he can't get any measure of that by finding smoldering campfires and dead end scent trails.

Which is, of course, when Hannibal reveals what he is made of in a very dramatic fashion.

Will awakens from a nap to find Hannibal sitting down across from his, legs crossed and face calm and torso splattered with blood. An enormous stag lies dead between them, neck broken and fur torn apart as though Hannibal had set upon it with nothing but his wits, his rage, and his teeth.

Will licks his chops. "What a lovely meal," he says. "How did you convince the House to release you?"

Hannibal blinks, and then he draws up his sleeve. There is a long gaping wound from wrist to elbow, and although it's been bound with what looks like scraps he pulled from his shirt, the wound is very deep and still bleeding. "I left a sacrifice as leverage," Hannibal answers, and his voice is dry from disuse but firm and lovely. "I imagined that using my blood as my bond would be, perhaps, the only word this House might trust."

"You were not wrong," Will admits. He's never met a demigod who would dare to attempt leave the House mid-trial without either confronting him or failing the test. "By entering this House, you sealed the pact with me: you either leave dead or with my blessing."

The moon rises, and Will breathes in the power of the Wolf House at its full strength. Hannibal is not the only one eager to leave; Will misses running free, hunting and killing at will. He misses his pack of wolves, the strays he's collected or liberated and who run fearlessly at his side, attacking demigods and monsters alike. But the testing of candidates is the price that was asked for his immortality, and Will promised, so he obeys the call whenever the House senses a new demigod stepping over the threshold.

"I do not seek your blessing," Hannibal says. "I seek your training."

"Who says you won't be my dessert?"

Hannibal tenses minutely. Good. At least he hasn't taken leave of his senses entirely. "Who is your god, pup?"

"I don't know."

Lie.

Will yawns, ensuring that all of his teeth flash in the silvery light of the moon. Will is Lupa, the Mother Wolf, the first of their kind, neither he nor she, neither alpha nor omega, because the truth is that Will is both and neither. Truth is important; lying to a god or goddess is a

quick way to meet a long, painful end. Will's eaten live meals before, and human screams don't bother him anymore than animal ones. They're all food to him.

"Choose your next words very carefully," Will says softly. "Lying to me is a very bad idea. You could be the pup of Jupiter himself, and it would not matter. I have eaten Jupiter's get before."

Hannibal grins, fierce and quick, and that alone stays Will's teeth. "And you could have been an illusion," he replies. "You were not the only one who needed to test their opponent, Mother Lupa." And with that, he slides a new blade free from his boot, and this is bone cut from the stag, hardened in fire of oak trees and quenched in human blood. It certainly isn't enough to kill Will, but that could actually hurt.

Will tilts his head. "You weakened yourself deliberately to make this weapon. Why?"

"I took a gamble. Is that not what you do every day, Mother Lupa?"

In answer, Will stands up, this time to his full height. He's been told it's very impressive and intimidating, since he comes up to the shoulders of most humans and his jaw is large enough to bite off a head in one gulp. Hannibal does not run this time; he merely angles the bone and gazes at Will with hard, wary eyes.

And Will – Will stares into his eyes, and sees a hard, cold soul, and he thinks, *Yes. This is one of mine.*

So he lowers his head and sniffs along the great wounds Hannibal has sliced into his arm and his belly to produce the blood he needed, and as Hannibal flinches, Will licks and licks and licks some more, until he can smell the blood finally clotting. Wounds don't heal well in the Wolf House, but Will can't exactly train a demigod that's half dead from blood loss. It would be a shame to lose one like Hannibal; he has fire in his heart and ice in his bones. He will do well.

"Come, Hannibal," Will says, stepping aside. "Welcome to my pack."

Hannibal, unlike most, doesn't balk when Will steps outside the Wolf House and circles around Hannibal, nudging at his shoulder and back. He blinks, once, and then the pup clambers onto Will's back, settling himself and grasping gently at the fur on Will's shoulders. He doesn't weigh that much, actually.

"Where are we going?" Hannibal asks.

Will shakes himself, feeling the way Hannibal tenses but does not pull. Good. "We are going to your new home."

"And one I cannot walk to?"

Will snorts in amusement. "An alpha you might be, pup, but this is a journey even you cannot make on foot. Camp Jupiter is protected by Mist and sentries and wolves. You would be eaten

alive before you had even crossed the river."

"I haven't presented yet."

"My nose is never wrong."

And then Will leaps forward and starts running, because he's actually quite hungry and eager to return to his pack. The Wolf House and Camp Jupiter are both present and not-present; most of the time they are just out of sync with the human world, protected by ancient magic. Will's wolf pack, however, roams the real world, and it is with them that Will trains his chosen demigods. So Will must move swiftly, else Hannibal will be caught up with the power of the Wolf House and become part of the many souls sacrificed there to keep it safe.

Hannibal, clever little pup, leans low over Will's back and laughs as the wind tears at his clothes, and yes. Will knows he will enjoy training this one.

Hannibal is a delight to train. He's vicious and clever and sly as a fox, and one day Will comes back from hunting to find Hannibal bare-chested and dusty and wrestling with one of the younger wolves. It's clearly play-fighting, as Will knows Hannibal keeps at least two daggers on him at any one time and the wolf is careful not to scratch too deeply, but it warms something deep in Will's heart.

"Pups," Will says dryly, and they immediately freeze.

Hannibal gives him a too-bright upside down smile, mostly because he's upside down, clinging to the belly of the wolf with one arm drawn back to sock the wolf in the gut.

"It's dinner time."

They separate immediately, eager for food, and watching Hannibal tear so eagerly into the meat with his bare hands, blood running down his chest, just makes Will's heart warm even further. He even allows Hannibal to come over and lean against him, even though his dusty, blood skin rubs off on Will's formerly pristine fur. Hannibal has long since learned the severity of his snaps, though, and he knows Will isn't being serious when he snaps his teeth near Hannibal's neck.

"Thank you," Hannibal says quietly.

"For not eating you?"

"For training me."

Will laughs. "Oh, Hannibal. You are the child of great god Mercury. You were already trained. I just showed you how to tap into your potential, as it were."

"What makes you so sure I'm Mercury's son?" Hannibal challenges.

"Well, for one thing," Will drawls, "the fact that it was Mercury's sigil that lit up when you entered my house was a rather big clue. You sacrificed a part of that stag to Mercury. And

you are not the first of Mercury's children to enter my care. I am Mother Lupa, Hannibal. I know all of the gods' and goddesses' children."

"But you don't go by Mother Lupa. Not always."

"No. Names are a human construct. I could be Galahad or Aiden or Thomas or Cal or Claire or Ella or Molly or Abigail. It would not matter to me. I am exactly as I always was and always will be."

"So then," Hannibal says, and his eyes are clear and his scent rises between them, strong and clean with a hint of spice, "what should I call you?"

"Hmm. Lately I've liked the name 'Will'."

"Will." It's interesting, the way Hannibal says his name. Not reverently; Hannibal lost his reverence for Will the first morning when Will grasped him by the scruff of his neck and dropped him into the icy river and did not let him climb out until he had thoroughly scrubbed himself. Not confusedly, either; Hannibal is not stupid, and he knows it is not his place to question a god or goddess. And not challengingly, either; Hannibal has fought him, and Hannibal is still too young and Will too old for Hannibal to defeat him. Yet.

Hannibal merely sounds . . . intrigued.

He smells intrigued too.

"Go to sleep, pup," Will says, getting to his feet. He has no time for puppy love and hero worship. "Tomorrow, it's time for you to meet your brothers and sisters."

Perhaps, Will reflects the next morning, it was a mistake to transform into human shape. He does it, periodically, to freak out the human pups and to see how quickly they react to him appearing suddenly at the gates of Camp Jupiter.

This time, it takes them ten minutes of confused shouting before they summon a praetor.

And in those ten minutes, all Hannibal does is ogle Will's backside.

"You transformed into an omega," is all Hannibal says, when Will finally turns around and raises an eyebrow because, really, *he* is the one who taught Hannibal how to sense when people are staring at him.

"Do you need another lesson in self-control?"

Hannibal sniffs. "You smell . . . interesting."

"I smell like a wolf," Will says flatly. Will could be anyone and anything. He is a wolf at heart, but one can be a wolf in a human skin. He could just have easily has transformed into an alpha or a woman; he just happened to copy a male omega this time. And it's not like Hannibal hasn't see omegas before.

“It’s interesting.”

“Mercury is the god of messengers and travel, not scent, pup.”

“Well, you’ve taught me to hone my skills.”

“And,” Will says, turning back into a wolf, “when to rein them in.”

After that, the gates finally open and a praetor emerges. Reyna is lovely as always, and just as intimidating at first sight as usual with her pegasus and armor and brilliant purple clothing. She was a great pup to train too, and she dismounts and inclines her head the second she sees him.

“Mother Lupa. We are honored.”

“I am not here to stay,” Will replies, because he’s had quite enough of humans for a little while. “I am here only to bring you one of your kin.”

Reyna looks Hannibal up and down, and her eyes narrow thoughtfully. It’s true, Hannibal doesn’t really look like much. He’s clean, certainly, thanks to a dunk in a river, but he wears clothes worn ragged by weeks of training and running, and his hair is in a thick, unruly braid, and his feet are bare and dusty.

Still, Will applauds her appraisal. Hannibal will be part of New Rome now, and Reyna leads it.

“Welcome to Camp Jupiter,” Reyna says finally.

“Thank you.”

And with that, Will’s work is done, so he turns around and takes off. Hannibal will find his own way, or he won’t. The rules of Camp Jupiter are a little softer than the rules of the Wolf House, but in one way they are the same: conquer or die.

Will has a feeling he knows which Hannibal will achieve.

Will doesn’t cross paths with Hannibal again until ten long years later. Two wars have shaken the world, and Will is weary of bloodshed. He has lost many wolves to Titans and giants alike, and a great many of his human pups have fallen too. At first he doesn’t mean to turn his paws back to Camp Jupiter, but then suddenly he is there, and his pack needs rest and food so he sidles up to the gate and walks right in.

Camp Jupiter has changed, but that was to be expected. It’s not that Will was unaware of the other camp of demigods, borne of the Greek sides of the gods and goddesses, but he really didn’t pay much attention because that was Chiron’s problem. It didn’t become Will’s problem until a son of Greek god was dumped at the Wolf House by Roman goddess, and emptied an entire river on Will in a panic to boot.

Now Greek demigods roam around Camp Jupiter, and so Will gets many, many strange looks, but it does not matter. They will learn soon enough.

“Mother Lupa. You grace us with your presence.”

Or, perhaps, sooner than even that.

Hannibal stands on the steps, eyes bright and shoulders thrown back. He has grown even taller, and his arms bear the mark of a praetor of Rome. He looks a far sight better than the dusty, half-dressed soul Will dumped at the gates of the camp so long ago, but his voice is still the same smooth, considering tenor it was when he first challenged Will at the Wolf House. *My pup,* Will thinks fondly, and waits as Hannibal strolls forward to greet him.

“Welcome back,” Hannibal says quietly.

Will snorts and tilts his head. “I have been here many times since you, pup.”

It’s not that he thinks Hannibal will take offense to the fact that Will has come back many times with other demigods and not inquired about him or seen him. Hannibal knows Will would not, because he trained a wolf pup, not a squealing babe. If Hannibal truly wished to see him, Hannibal would have sought him out.

“I know,” is all Hannibal says. “I hope we have done you proud.”

“Well, you aren’t dead or dying, and Camp Jupiter is mostly standing.”

“You trained us better than that.”

“Mother Lupa.”

Will turns around to see Frank Zhang, halfway through transforming back into a human. He’d been one of the pups Will hadn’t quite been so sure would survive Camp Jupiter, even with his special tricks and Will’s training, but he’s done well for himself. Even Will can concede that sometimes the best only rise to the occasion during the actual occasion, and cannot be tempted out before that.

“I see the son of Jupiter saw fit to pass you the rank of praetor,” Will says thoughtfully. “An interesting choice.”

The son of Mars responds by turning into a wolf and attempting to stare Will down with fierce eyes. A smaller one than Will, of course, but still. It’s impressive, given that the last time Will saw Frank Zhang off, the demigod had barely looked up from the ground the entire time.

Will laughs. “Well played, Frank Zhang.”

“I’m afraid we’re slightly pressed for a place for you,” Frank says apologetically as he turns back into a human. “More of our cousins from Camp Half-Blood are due tonight. We’re holding a game of Capture the Flag between the camps.”

Will tilts his head in consideration. It's not the place to sleep that bothers him, because Will's pack of wolves can sleep anywhere. But this game sounds interesting. It's been a long time since Will's had a chance to chase down a pack of screaming demigods, and he knows without asking that his wolves will be more than happy to participate. Even the Roman demigods trained by Will usually only trained with Will and a half of wolves; they've never seen his entire pack in action, entirely focused on a goal.

"You're going to give everyone heart attacks, Mother Lupa," Hannibal chides.

Will snorts and butts his head against Hannibal's shoulder. "That did not sound like a tone of true objection, son of Mercury."

Frank Zhang looks at his fellow praetor, then Will, and then back to Hannibal again. Slowly, what Will's eyes and Hannibal's words imply seem to sink in, and Frank swallows. "Are you . . . Are you offering to compete against us, Mother Lupa? As a – a three-way game?"

"What use have wolves for a flag?" Will scoffs. "No, pup. You and your Greek cousins just barely averted all-out war between the two camps. I do not think a game of Capture the Flag against each other will at all help endear you two. I think I have a much better idea."

Will's not surprised to see Percy Jackson and Jason Grace as two of the leaders of the Camp Half-Blood delegation. He is rather pleased at how quickly they turn pale when Frank and Hannibal tell them of Will's plans.

It's going to be a fun night, he can tell.

The Greek and the Roman children are *vicious* over such a simple game, Will reflects later, stepping around the piles of groaning children and wrecked terrain and armor splattered everywhere. To defend the honor of their parents, the children have gone all out, and while Will has seen worse, he's also slightly surprised and proud of how the game is going.

A straight out fight between the two camps would have been asking for a new war. A straight out fight between the two camps with the addition of a free ranging wolf pack biting anyone in sight, however . . .

It's inspired some interesting teamwork, to say the least.

So Will settles down and waits to see who will win. His wolves have frightened half the damn participants by now, so really, Will thinks he's earned his rest.

Hannibal comes to find him when the game finally draws to an end, so late into the night that it's essentially morning the next day. He smells like sweat and blood and gold, and Will only sighs and shifts a little when Hannibal sprawls against him.

"What do you want, Hannibal?"

Hannibal folds his hands into his lap, and Will would call it an innocent gesture but for the scent of anticipation that rises all around him. “I want to be your champion.”

“I am Mother Lupa. I do not have champions.” Other gods and goddesses do, of course. Or at least the major ones do. Most of them have children who would gladly take that role. Even Juno, faithful and demigod-less, has a champion in her husband’s son. But champions are meant to live in both worlds, both mortal and mythical, so that they can do things the gods and goddess cannot. Will is not bound by nearly the same amount of restrictions as they are, though.

“Would you prefer me to say consort?”

If anything, that concept is even more amusing. “I do not take consorts.”

“So far.”

And Will supposes he might as well entertain Hannibal so that the pup will get over his hero worship and find an actual patron, so he just sighs and says, “Very well. Convince me, Hannibal Lecter, son of Mercury. Convince me why I should take you on as consort and champion.”

And Hannibal – well. Most champions would take on a quest, pledge a sacrifice, recite battles won.

Hannibal starts taking off his clothes.

“You mean to fight me naked? I don’t think I should need to tell you that’s an unwise idea.”

Hannibal grins, fierce and bright like the wolf he is. “Have you ever tried it the human way, Will?” he says, rather out of the blue.

“What, fighting?”

“No. Sex. Copulation. Making love.”

Will huffs. “Hannibal, I don’t need to have sex to – ”

“Ah,” Hannibal interrupts, “but that’s the beauty of doing it the human way, Will. We don’t do it because we need to. We do it because we want to, and it brings us pleasure. That’s the human way.”

“I see the gods have rubbed off on you.”

“I was not borne out of any broken pact, unlike that son of Jupiter you favor.”

“I’ll have you know that I dropped Jason in a freezing cold river the same as you,” Will says, because it won’t do to have a jealous pup. Juno won’t hesitate a single second to incinerate Hannibal if he decides to knife her favorite champion.

Hannibal shucks off his pants. “You still didn’t answer my question, Will.”

“Jupiter above, *fine*. No, I have not had sex the human way. What use was sex to me when I had pups to raise and train and defend?”

“You don’t need to raise or train or defend me, I’m old enough to do it myself,” Hannibal points out smugly. “Is the great Mother Lupa admitting that he is scared of trying out things the human way?”

And, well, Will never did like backing down from a dare. In a blink of an eye, he stands, shifts, and pounces, bringing Hannibal to the ground and bearing his teeth in a wolf-grin.

“You asked for it, Hannibal,” Will warns, and then he lowers his mouth to bite when –

Hannibal, the little sneak, gets his mouth on Will, and Will screams.

Later on, Will examines his human body in the moonlight. The bruises and bites are slowly fading, because immortals can’t be wounded quite so easily, and Hannibal looks disappointed at how quickly they’re healing, but he’s also sprawled on the ground trying to catch his breath so Will lets it go. He feels . . . exhilarated. Like after a long, successful hunt. It’s intoxicating, and he kind of wants to pin Hannibal down and ride him again, or perhaps make Hannibal ride him again, or suck him off or eat him out or anything, really. If this is what it feels like to the gods and goddesses when they have sex with human alphas and omegas, perhaps Will can understand why they have so many little squalling brats Will ends up having to train or eat.

“Like what you see?” Hannibal asks, propping his head up with his arm.

“Hmm. I think I like sex the human way.”

“Kinky.”

“I’m a wolf who dragged two babes out of the river and nursed them and made them kings, and now I train new demigods to fight and bleed and squabble,” Will says dryly. “I think I’m allowed to discover a new kink now and again.”

Hannibal doesn’t say it, but his scent screams *I told you so* and it’s so smug that, really, Will can’t possibly allow that kind of attitude in his consort or his champion.

“Get over here,” Will orders. “I want to suck you off again.”

Hannibal, gratifying, just whimpers, but he definitely promised to let Will do a much closer examination of that gorgeous knot of his after the third round of sex, which possibly included an unfair amount teasing and denial, and Will definitely intends to fulfill his word to the letter. Immortal consorts have never died of sexual exhaustion before, after all, and he doubts Hannibal will be the first.

FINIS

Chapter End Notes

The next day is Day 3: Scenting! I will be stepping away from mythology for a much more lighthearted Hannibal-pisses-Will-off, Will-gets-revenge kinda story. I'm hoping it won't spiral like day 2 is but I give no guarantees. See ya then!

Scenting

Chapter Summary

Hannibal pisses Will off. Will goes about finding a way to piss him off right back, and he starts with a perfume shop.

Chapter Notes

This was inspired by a tumblr post (that I've now sadly lost) about after The Fall, whenever Hannibal pisses Will off, Will just goes and walks through a perfume shop. Not quite the way it's laid out there, and I made up a random OC thanks to a name generator, but that was this ficlet's origin story.

Dynamics: Beta!Hannibal/Beta!Will

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It's only Martha's second month of work at *Scents & Squares*, but it's the third time she's seen the same man come into the store with a really grumpy look on his face and not buy anything, so Martha thinks she's perhaps justified in wandering over and saying, "Um, hi? Can I help you?"

The man looks over, and he doesn't look guilty, not really, but he doesn't have the air of "indecisive buyer" either. He clearly has a purpose, even if he also clearly knows absolutely nothing about perfume.

"I – not really," he says. "I'm afraid my nose isn't quite as strong as most."

Martha nods. It's to be expected; alphas and omegas got the strong noses that can pick out a scent in a flash, while betas were left with . . . well, *a* nose. "Well, maybe I can try to help. Are you looking for a particular scent or have a special occasion that you have in mind?"

The man looks like he's containing a laugh. "If you have one for 'congrats, we aren't dead' then I'll be very impressed," he remarks dryly.

"Peppermint, maybe? It'll certainly give a nice kick."

The man actually does laugh then, and his shoulders relax and his eyes brighten and his face sort of smoothes out, and it's astonishing how those small changes make him look more like a lost customer and less like a lost serial killer. Either way, Martha smoothes out her apron

and puts on her customer-service-voice and gets to work, because clearly this man needs some help.

“So! What’s your name, sir?”

Perhaps it’s the “sir” or maybe it’s something about the question, because when the man answers, “Will” it’s clear he did not expect that name to come so easily.

Martha’s handled worse, though, so she just continues. “And who’s it for?”

“My . . . um . . . I’m really . . . not sure how to describe him,” Will answers meekly, ducking his head as though she’s about to deck him, and honestly, he’s a grown man who looks old enough to be her father but right now he looks so much like a lost puppy that she kind of wants to throw stranger danger to the winds and just hug him.

She settles for smiling and nodding. “Alpha, beta, omega?”

Will gives her a sharp look, and to be sure, it’s not exactly a common question. Most people assume that alphas go with omegas and betas go with betas, but it’s Martha’s job to serve *all* the customers, even ones who don’t fit the societal norms. And Will is most certainly a beta, but he’s currently holding a perfume so light only an alpha could appreciate and another that’s so strong even a nose-blind beta would be hard-pressed to miss.

“Beta,” he says finally, a tad warily. “But he’s got a hell of a nose. Practically alpha-level.”

“Ah. You trying to impress him or give him a middle finger?”

Another sharp look. Martha shrugs helplessly. Just because society says alphas should chase after omegas doesn’t mean she hasn’t had her fair share of alphas chasing after her, and a strong, clear scent is sometimes exactly the right kind of signal for alphas to go the hell away. And, well, Will isn’t exactly conventionally attractive, but he’s got nice curls for hair and a nice voice; she could totally see alphas sniffing around him.

Except maybe Will’s decided she’s worth trusting, because that sharp, suspicious look slides smoothly into something sly and a little playful, and yep, she can definitely see why some alphas would be panting after him.

“Well, Martha,” Will says conspiratorially, “what if I wanted to do both?”

“Impress him with the strength of your middle finger statement?” Martha grins, because this, *this* is why she agreed to take this job and it also just happens to be where the fun begins. “I’ve got just the thing . . .”

Will comes back a day later, practically cackling, and asks for her specifically. She loads him up with their strongest baby powder scent, because nothing annoys someone who’s sniffing after a mate more than that mate smelling like an unpresented child, and he pays and walks out whistling.

She keeps her eyes peeled, but Will doesn't come back asking for sexy scents or scent amplifiers, so she assumes that he's either chased off the weirdo or accepted his advances and shrugs and carries on.

Then, a month later, Will comes in with his face like a thundercloud. Her coworkers scatter before him, so Martha comes in to a gaggle of them having a whispered conference in the break room trying to determine who will be forced to either help him or ask him to leave. Unfortunately or fortunately, she gets stuck with helping him, so she sighs and puts on her apron and goes out.

"Martha," he greets her. Although honestly it's more of a grunt.

"Lesson didn't stick?" she asks sympathetically.

"You could say that," he says with a laugh, scrubbing at his curls. "He went out hunting again, against my express wishes."

Will doesn't strike her as an animal activist, but sometimes you can never tell. "Are you sure he isn't an alpha?" she says cautiously, because she guesses Will stomped away in anger after a fight and did not rub cheeks with his mate, but even from five feet away she can sort of make out the guy's scent – like spices and meat and old books. Either the man just sweats a lot of pheromones naturally or he's a really possessive scenter, and those are definitely both more alpha traits than beta ones.

"He certainly has the alpha stubbornness," Will mutters sourly.

"Okay, well . . . what message are we aiming to send this time?"

"Good-bye," he says savagely.

"We've got a lovely selection of fall scents," she tells him brightly. "Like good-bye summer sort of thing."

A smile touches Will's lips, and from this angle, for the first time, she can see a deep scar on Will's jaw, as if someone had slammed his face onto a sharp edge until he bled. It's half-hidden by his stubble, but seeing as Will moves like he thinks someone's stalking him, maybe it's not entirely a coincidence that he's not standing in the scent store shopping for a weapon to piss someone off.

Will inclines his head. "Well, lead on," he says, "this might be interesting."

Will comes back the next day the second the shop opens looking incredibly resigned. "Turns out," he explains morosely, "he actually *likes* the smell of fall. A lot."

Martha looks him up and down. Considers.

"What?"

“Well, see . . . the thing about alphas is they really hate when their mate smells like something or someone else,” she says. “Or at least, that’s been my experience. Your mate doesn’t seem bothered by that, either because he’s got a really strong nose and can still smell you underneath, or he can tell it’s just perfume because it’s one single scent. Am I on the right track?”

“Pretty much.”

“However, we do have a very nice ‘Perfume Bath Experience Tour’.”

It doesn’t sound like much, but Will perks up anyways, perhaps because of the way her tone has turned conspiratory, just as his does the first time they met. “Go on.”

“And it basically involves you standing in a room while we expose you to multiple perfumes until you find the one you want.”

“How many?”

Martha shrugs. “Until you find one you like, or the two hours are up. Whichever comes first.”

Will books one immediately, and Martha recruits two other workers – an alpha and an omega – to help come throw perfume at him. By the end, everyone is grinning, Will is covered in dozens of different and sometimes outright conflicting scents, and she knows that Will’s mate is either going to be pissed as all hell or die of shock at trying to catalog the sheer storm of scents on Will right now.

For anyone else, it wouldn’t be much, but the second Will gets home, Hannibal actually pauses mid plate layout and nearly drops a spoon. And given that one time Will stomped in covered in blood from head to toe and Hannibal didn’t even look up at him, Will counts this as a significant victory.

Hannibal even audibly *sniffs*.

“You smell terrible,” Hannibal says flatly. “Where on earth did you go? Why do you smell . . .”

“Like I’ve been out with other people?” Will suggests innocently. “Maybe because I have. It’s what people do to blend in, Hannibal; they make go out and make friends.”

Hannibal gives him an incredibly irritated look, carefully lays down his utensils, and comes over with his eyes promising every intention of scenting Will to his satisfaction – except that with each step, Hannibal seems to discover a new and even more distressing scent, until Hannibal is halted three steps from him with his face caught in an expression more suited to a loading computer circle, as if Will’s conflicting perfumes are all simultaneous web searches and Hannibal’s search engine cannot possibly load them all at once. It’s amazing.

Will smiles, to twist the knife in a little deeper, and leans his cheek forward. Hannibal always scents him before they separate and after they reunite; it’s like he can’t help himself.

Now he actually takes one step back, nose wrinkling. “Please go bathe yourself.”

“Why? I didn’t engage in any significant exercise, I am wearing clothes you approved, and I also bathed this morning.”

“Will,” Hannibal says, tone so aghast it’s like Will’s used the dessert fork for salad and not just come home with perfumes on his skin, “please go bathe. You smell . . . horrendous. I will not have that smell in my house.”

“Our house,” Will reminds him. “In which I compromised on my clothing and you compromised on the décor, but we never had any arrangement about scent.”

It’s not the first time he’s won a disagreement with Hannibal, but the rush of adrenaline is awesome. Will goes to change into appropriate dinner attire and grins all the way through dinner, dessert, the glass of wine by the fire, and Hannibal’s standard nightly swim and shower before bedtime. By the time Hannibal’s changed and come to bed, Will is lounging in their bed, nonchalantly rolling about their sheets so that they smell less like Hannibal-and-Will and more Will-and-Hannibal-and-half-a-perfume shop. Hannibal actually twitches as he climbs in, as if he wants nothing more than to strip all the sheets off and launder them immediately.

But Hannibal still curls up next to him, still enfolds him within his solid arms and still sniffs at his curls. “Is this . . . a commentary on last night’s dinner?” he says quietly.

“No.” Before Hannibal can relax, Will continues, “It’s a commentary on the rudeness of not being *asked* about last night’s dinner.”

“It was a rather . . . impulsive decision.”

Will gives him a Look. He’s not as good as Chiyoh is, but Hannibal’s also a lot more attuned to and invested in Will, so Hannibal just sighs and says, “I can have the capacity for ill-advised impulsive decisions like everyone else, Will.”

“Oh, I am aware. As a matter of fact, this was an impulsive decision too.”

“Meaning . . . ?”

Will snuggles in a little more deeply into Hannibal’s embrace. “Meaning nothing,” Will says cheerfully, filling his lungs with the rich scent of books and meat and spices, that strange and unique combination that means both immeasurable safety and intoxicating danger to Will. “It was impulsive and last-minute, after all.”

“Please bathe in the morning.”

“Nope.”

Hannibal, the bastard, wakes Will up at the crack of dawn and manhandles him while he’s barely conscious into a bath in order to lather Will up with his own soaps and give him a nice, long scenting so that Will emerges smelling more like Hannibal than his own damn self. The

breakfast in the tub does not make up for it, but it does make him laugh once he walks into the bedroom clad in a towel to find that Hannibal's not only stripped off all the sheets but also emptied practically the entire closet and taken down all the curtains and other linens.

Hannibal maintains it was time for spring cleaning.

Will points out that's August and nowhere near spring cleaning.

Hannibal pointedly turns on his gramophone.

Still, when Will goes to leave for the day, he still closes his eyes and relishes the feel of Hannibal's cheek against his own, and he doesn't even protest when Hannibal dips his head to scent Will's neck and shoulder. Hannibal is incredibly possessive, after all, and there's nothing worse to him than Will smelling like anything except Hannibal or Will. This wasn't so much a punishment as an experiment, and really, Will was less angry and more wanting to make an unforgettable point.

Given that he finds no cologne or perfume tucked into his bag next to his lunchbox, Will thinks his point has been made rather solidly.

Will still becomes a faithful customer of *Scents & Squares* though. The bakery half of the store is pretty good, actually, and varying between pissing Hannibal off with a scent bath of a thousand perfumes and bringing home baked goods that Hannibal didn't make is a good way to keep his mate on his toes whenever Hannibal pisses him off. And sometimes, honestly, just for the fun of it, because the sex afterwards is awesome.

He doesn't tell Hannibal that, of course. A pleading, bowing, and kowtowing Hannibal is great for the wank material section of the sex wing in the Will Mind Palace, and if Hannibal intruded on that part too, Will would literally get no peace from the bastard.

FINIS

Chapter End Notes

Day 4 is "Tropes Tuesday". I requested some friends toss me some tropes, and uh, this trope ended up being the one to inspire my muse. Why me.

Tropes Tuesday

Chapter Summary

When the sun rises, in addition to blinking to adjust his eyes, Hannibal gets the added psychedelic bonus of having a talking, glittering golden lamb parked on his chest with a facial expression more suited to grumpy cat than a cute, fluffy baby sheep. He wonders if this is punishment for all of his metaphors.

Chapter Notes

This isn't Tuesday. My bad. I started writing it on a Tuesday if that helps.

This ficlet came about because I asked my creator friends to chuck some tropes at me and this is the one my muse chose to pounce on AND mix with Greek mythology again. FML.

Also, um, most of my ficlets stay pretty firmly in the teen range, but for this one . . . yeah, there be some implied p0rn and dirty talk here. IDK if it's bad enough to warrant an M, but in any case - THERE BE GAY SEX HERE, PEOPLES. No like, no read.

Dynamics: Alpha!Will/Omega!Hannibal

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Hannibal wakes up, he already knows he's on a boat. He can smell the salt of the sea, he can feel the rhythm of the waves, and most importantly, he's not currently drowning at the bottom of the ocean. The only thing he cannot sense is Will, and upon that realization, an emotion he could almost call *alarm* fills his stomach, and he finds himself attempting to sit up despite his mind insisting how terrible an idea that is given the wound in his side. He even manages to get his arms underneath him until he finally manages to pry his eyes open to see –

A lamb.

A lamb, fluffy and tiny and so soft-looking that the only reason Hannibal doesn't promptly shove it off his chest to go searching for Will is the fact that the lamb also has the grumpiest expression Hannibal has ever seen on a baby animal's face.

Then the lamb opens its mouth, and out comes – well. Will's voice, for a lack of a better explanation.

“Okay, I know my fleece is powerful, but I’m not *that* powerful,” Will says, interspersed with little annoyed bleats that make Hannibal question whether perhaps this is his punishment for his constant metaphors. “I literally just starting sitting on you five minutes ago, you cannot possibly be healed yet.”

“Will?” Hannibal asks, because seeing is one thing, but believing is, well, quite certainly another.

If anything, the lamb’s face gets even grumpier. Privately, Hannibal thinks that if this was the type of baby lamb children at fairs were given to pets, they might run screaming from the sight. The lamb shifts, ever so slightly, and it just so happens that the sun finally gets a direct path down to them, so in addition to blinking to adjust his eyes, Hannibal gets the added psychedelic bonus of having a talking, glittering golden lamb parked on his chest with a facial expression more suited to grumpy cat than a cute, fluffy baby sheep.

“Ever hear of the story of the Golden Fleece?” Will asks. “Yes? Good. I’m the Fleece. Now shut up and sleep, the faster you heal the faster I can change back into a form that does not come with a really heavy, really hot coat of wool.”

Hannibal erects a new section to his hallucination wing of the mind palace and obeys the lamb.

By the time Hannibal wakes up for the second time, hours have passed, but the lamb is still curled up on his chest. By now, the grumpiness seems to have fled with the hotter temperatures, so the lamb only bleats once in annoyance when Hannibal raises a hand to pet the wool.

The wool is actually quite soft and very fine, as if it were truly spools of gold instead of the coarse wool Hannibal is accustomed to feeling. Although in hindsight, Hannibal revises his opinion – the fur does not glitter, because when Hannibal draws his hand away, it remains the same; it actually just . . . glows. Like the moon does when the sun sets, ambient but ever-present.

This time, when Hannibal tries to sit up, the lamb lets him, and when Hannibal touches his chest he finds no wound, just bare, unmarked skin.

“Interesting,” Hannibal says, for wont of anything better to say.

The lamb snorts, and out of the corner of his eye, Hannibal sees the glow increase, just slightly, as the lamb goes from a tiny little curled up thing to a much bigger human-sized glowing thing. And then Will is suddenly sitting next to him, the only mark of the change the fact that he has no clothes and his hair is still faintly glowing.

“I’m starving,” Will announces.

“Will – ”

“Food now, explanations later. And if I hear any more wrath of the lamb jokes, I’ll have you know that my wool is incredibly strong and I can actually choke you with it.”

“Would that not be a waste of your hard work?” Hannibal teases.

“What work, I just sat there and let the Fleece heal you. Besides, as long as there was a little bit of life in you left, I could just bring you back anyways. Perks of being the cure-all for anything up to being right on death’s doorstep,” Will says nonchalantly, and then sashays out the cabin like he hasn’t a care in the world.

And because Hannibal has seen Will try to cook, he very quickly gets up and follows.

Explanations finally come later, when everyone is bathed, fed, and clothed and Will is reclining in Hannibal’s bunk and has a strangely peaceful expression on his face. Hannibal is loathe to disturb it, but he has a burning desire to know every detail about Will and an entirely new form to learn about, so he clears his throat and prepares for the onslaught.

“You mentioned the Golden Fleece?”

“Hmm? Oh yeah. That old thing.”

“As I understood it, the Golden Fleece was a child of Poseidon that saved Phrixus and Helle. Phrixus sacrificed the ram after arriving safely in Colchis and hung the fleece in a tree, where it brought about peace and prosperity in the land.”

“Yep.”

“You are not a ram.”

“Nope.”

“Or a child of Poseidon, I assume.”

“Definitely not.”

“So then . . .”

Will sighs. “I suppose I knew you would never let this go,” he says, in a wry tone. “It’s in your nature. Fine. Once upon a time, a very, very, very long time ago, there was a tree from which the Golden Fleece was hung, and to be fair, originally it was just a normal tree. But after centuries and centuries and centuries of exposure to the power of the Golden Fleece, well, eventually that tree grew a sort of . . . consciousness. I think the closest thing you humans have to a word for it is ‘nymph’. And see, the thing about the Golden Fleece is that it isn’t powered by magic; it was a creation of the gods, so it’s powered by the gods. As the gods lose power because less people believe, the Fleece lost power, until at last the nymph was free to leave the tree for good and it took the Fleece with it, because, hey, why not. And maybe it was a good thing and maybe it wasn’t, but the nymph and Fleece had been together so long that – hey presto! – eventually they became the same thing.”

Hannibal stares at him. Will, defiantly, turns into a lamb and bleats at him and then turns back into a human.

“And it’s not like any god is going to fix this, so I’m just stuck roaming around as a human who can sometimes turn into a lamb and also sometimes glows,” Will finishes with a shrug. “Any questions?”

Hannibal has a great many, in fact. Mythology was never his most ardent love, but he feels a great urge now to return to the library and dig up everything and anything he can on the Golden Fleece. “How long have you been . . . like this?”

“A lamb, a nymph, or a quasi-human?”

“All of them.”

Will tilts his head, considering. He’s still glowing, actually, which is incredibly distracting, but Hannibal mastered self-control at a very young age and he refuses to lose it now. “A nymph since Jason went questing for the Fleece; I remember him, he was really strange. A lamb since the first time I was trying to avoid being burned as a witch, I think; although I nearly got eaten instead and that wasn’t exactly a better experience. Human-shaped since Olympus moved. Don’t ask me exact times, I don’t know. I haven’t been to Olympus in a long, long time.”

“Could you be separated from the Fleece?”

“Are you angling to try?” Will says, a cocky smile on his face, and for some reason he grows lamb ears like he thinks that will actually intimidate Hannibal.

“And the gods just . . . ignore you?”

“You know,” Will comments, “most people have a hard time believing they exist. But you’ve always been persistent, haven’t you? But yes – they ignore me. It’s incredibly difficult to kill a god, you know, and gods are also pretty good about staying in their outlined territories. It’s the half-bloods I really have to worry about, but most of them think I’m a half-sentient wool coat so it’s not terribly difficult on that front either.”

There’s something very strange about how Will says, *You’ve always been persistent, haven’t you?*

Hannibal only realizes what it is when he opens his mouth to reply and ancient Greek tumbles out instead of English. “Why me, Will? Of all the humans you could possibly choose to save, why me?” And Hannibal did study ancient Greek at one point and is fluent in many languages, but hearing ancient Greek coming from his mouth feels like it’s coming from something besides his brain – his gut, maybe, which is stirring in a feeling he might call anticipation.

Will grins like ancient Greek is the greatest thing he’s ever heard, and this time when he sashays over to Hannibal, Hannibal feels himself drawing his lips back to bear his teeth, only it’s not a warning at all.

“Hello, dragon-mine,” Will murmurs, settling into his lap. “Hush, hush, there we are. See, Hannibal, the thing people always forget is that the Fleece wasn’t just hanging around waiting for any random person to claim it. No, the gods were not that stupid. They put a dragon in front of the tree to guard it, a dragon that never needed sleep and whose teeth – upon sowing in the earth – created fearsome warriors. Now, dragon-mine, does that at all sound familiar to a human I might know?”

Hannibal tries to reply, but a great and terrible pain flares up in his chest, almost exactly where the bullet once punched through, and instead of a question or a reply, out comes a roar instead.

Distantly, Hannibal remembers a spear and *pain* and panic.

Will nuzzles his cheek, his neck, his shoulder, letting out great sighs, and the glow strengthens. “I was hoping,” Will says, nonsensically, still in ancient Greek. “I hoped so much. You were so wounded, dragon-mine, and you would have died if you had continued to protect me. I fled and prayed for the gods, and Poseidon bore you away on the waves, and I waited for so, so long. If I had known then – but you were already gone.”

There has always been a dark door at the back of Hannibal’s mind palace. It has never had a name or a key, and Hannibal has never ventured into it.

But now the door is dissolving, like each word from Will is a crack, and suddenly ancient Greek is the least of the things pouring out of Hannibal’s mouth from the depths of an ancient hunger he never knew he had.

“My little lamb,” Hannibal says, and perhaps he should be a little more shocked at the claws his fingers are now tipped by, but he’s a little distracted by that feeling of burning *righteousness* at being in the presence of his one sworn duty, the lamb he’d once curled his entire body around and vowed to die before he ever left. “Look how large you’ve grown in my absence.”

A single tear slips from Will’s eye. It’s not water; they’ve both shed their mortal forms too much for that. It is pure liquid gold, and its coldness should be a shock to Hannibal’s hot dragon skin but instead of feels like a homecoming he didn’t even know he could have.

“I waited for so long,” Will sighs, wriggling in his lap. “So long, Hannibal, you kept me waiting.”

“I would never have left but for that mortal,” Hannibal growls. “He had a god’s blessing upon that lance of his, otherwise it never would have pierced my hide, not in a million years.”

“Well,” Will says, “not everyone was happy about the dragon falling in love with the lamb.”

“Oh, was that it? Shall we scandalize them further, my lamb?”

The tears are dripping from Will constantly now, all liquid gold that hisses as it falls upon Hannibal’s skin, but although they are a balm against the aching pain in his chest, he still

nearly drops his precious lamb when he rises to bear him to the bed, and Will clings to his neck as though the ship might break apart and separate them anew.

“Ah,” Will says. “So the god is still alive, then, and their blessing with it.”

If he were still mortal, Hannibal would have looked at the gaping hole in his chest and wondered, rightly so, how he were still alive. Instead he merely grunts. He’s not afraid; he has Will beside him, and he would suffer a thousand painful deaths to spare Will the indignity of being passed around like a cheap escape from Hades.

Will, though, clever little lamb, merely says, “Come here, dragon-mine. I didn’t spend thousands of years just wandering around twiddling my thumbs.”

“Oh?” Hannibal says, and then “*Oh*” again, in a very different tone, when Will twines his legs with Hannibal’s. “So this is to be your solution, then, my lamb? How innovative of you.”

“Well, I *am* the Golden Fleece,” Will reminds him, as if the way he’s currently glowing isn’t a big enough clue. “Everything about me is made to heal. My sweat, my saliva, my blood, my hair, my tears, my seed. All of me. I just never got close enough to you to heal the damage that damnable hero did upon your skin and your soul.”

“Is that it?” Hannibal groans, as Will licks at him as though they didn’t once send their time making love every hour they could under the sun. “Or is it because you’ve never had the chance to taste the slick of an omega?”

“Well, we are rather blessed for it,” Will says archly. “Given that I’m lacking in lubrication options.”

“Will,” Hannibal says helplessly, “My lamb, dearest, darling – ”

“Hush now, dragon-mine,” Will says, patting at his thighs as he shifts and pleasure lights up Hannibal’s mind. “I’ve got just the cure for you.”

“Lambs don’t have knots.”

“Alpha humans do. Especially in the presence of omegas. ”

“ . . . I love it.”

“I know you would. Besides, it’ll mean I don’t have to spend my time making sure you stay put with your arse in the air to ensure you aren’t running away wasting precious gold.”

“I am a dragon, it won’t take me that long to – Will!”

“Who says I’ll only knot you if you’re hurt? I think I’ll knot you whenever I like. And I think you’ll like it just as much.”

“Will, please – ”

“You know, every time you do that, it just extends how long we’ll be like this.”

“I never realized – just how much of a – a sadist you were, my lamb.”

“Oh, dragon-mine, I’ve had thousands of years to have every kind of sex humans could possibly dream up. This is just the beginning.”

Will finally finishes tormenting him long after Hannibal is an exhausted wreck, panting on the bed with nothing left to give besides a faint murmur of disapproval when Will flops his heavy human self all over Hannibal’s faintly glowing chest.

Will traces the wound, which is almost entirely healed, with gentle fingers and wondering eyes. “It actually worked,” he whispers.

“You were always clever.”

“Quite a compliment from one of your kind.”

“Says the lamb blessed with a magical healing – ”

“We are *not* referring to my knot like that,” Will interrupts.

“Who says I was about to say knot?”

Will wrinkles his nose, but it’s only half-hearted and very fond. Hannibal looks at him and remembers when he once bore leaves for ears and vines for hair as opposed to gold, gold, and more gold, and he marvels at the change. But he wouldn’t trade it for the universe; Will is his lamb, and now that he remembers he shall guard Will as fiercely as he ever did.

“Let all the heroes come,” Hannibal murmurs. “We shall never be parted like that again, my lamb.”

“Never again,” Will agrees, and settles himself right into Hannibal’s arms where he belongs.

FINIS

Chapter End Notes

Day 5 is "True Mates". I've written god knows how many soulmate fics, but somehow I still have some left. *sigh* Brace yourselves.

You all are going to get so sick of me, but yes, Greek mythology because I went on vacation and made the incredibly unwise decision to reread a lot of Rick Riordan's stuff, so it's just . . . fresh in my mind, okay. For more information about the Golden Fleece, click here or just, like, Google it I guess :D

True Mates

Chapter Summary

There are countless movies and scientific papers and magazines displaying that amazing moment when true mates cross paths for the first time and they find their voices. For Will, when he meets Hannibal's eyes and hears "Not fond of eye contact, are you?" it is the worst moment of his life.

Chapter Notes

Oh hey, I'm not dead! *waves awkwardly* I just took a slight hiatus after some IRL stuff, but I've probably said that so many times you all are sick of it XD

Warnings for this chapter: ummm I can't think of anything.

Dynamics: Alpha!Hannibal & Omega!Will

Also, I have absolutely zero experience with sign language besides when my friend took an ASL class and started signing swear words at me, so that is why it's portrayed so vaguely in this fic. My apologies in advance.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It's supposed to be the most romantic thing on earth. There are countless movies and scientific papers and magazines displaying that amazing moment when true mates cross paths for the first time and they find their voices. When Adam comes across Eve in the Garden of Eden and first beheld her, it is supposed to be shocking to Adam and Eve (although not God) that actual words emerge from his mouth. When Romeo sees Juliet for the first time and asks who she is, it is supposed to be shocking to both Romeo and the audience that real words emerge from his mouth. When Jack sees Rose about to jump off the ship and stops her, it is supposed to be shocking to Jack, Rose, and the audience that real words emerge from his mouth.

That is the way of the world: only those who have found their mates can speak. The rest are cosigned to muteness until they too join those hallowed ranks. It is supposed to be the best moment of one's life to lay eyes upon one's true mate and speak words that can actually be heard.

For Will, when he meets Hannibal's eyes and hears "Not fond of eye contact, are you?" it is the worst moment of his life.

Being mute is a blessing for Will. It enables him to avoid conversation the same way dodging eye contact enables him to avoid socializing. Those who are similarly mute give him space out of sympathy; those who are not give him space out of pity. Will doesn't much care, just as long as they give him space.

Omegas are supposedly the ones driven to find their mates and gain their voices, but in this – like so many things – Will is abnormal. He would happily be voiceless and mateless for the rest of his life. It would even be a blessing, since no one would hear the helpless mewls his mouth tries to make when heats strike and Will holes up in his house, shaking and leaking and his body craving what his mind cannot stand. Will can handle being alone. He came into this world alone, and he's perfectly fine leaving it alone.

Jack Crawford is a nuisance to Will's goal of being alone forever. He's mated and got a voice, but although many who find their mates usually begin to forget the sign language the voiceless communicate with in favor of spoken words, Crawford has never forgotten sign language. He signs as passionately and aggressively as he does everything else, and it makes him very difficult to avoid.

"Can we talk?" Crawford says, but his hands say, *We are going to talk*.

Will stays, if only because pretending he was deaf as well as mute only worked the first two times and he has no intention of being trailed all the way to Wolf Trap with a Crawford-shadow at his back.

"Can I borrow your imagination?" Crawford asks, but his hands trace out, *I need your mind.*

Will tilts his head. It's an interesting puzzle, these girls gone missing, and the omega in Will keens and mourns at the thought of the lives of so many pups cut short, but Will stomps that part down. He is not just an omega; he is Will Graham, and he vividly remembers the last time he got involved in an investigation. Even if he didn't, he still remembers the cool voice of the FBI agent who had informed him he was too unstable, the way she had stared at him with condescending eyes and even offered, quite blandly, to get a translator because she no longer remembered sign language.

You have Heimlich at Harvard and Bloom at Georgetown, Will signs back. *They do the same thing I do.*

"That's not exactly true, is it?" Jack tuts. "You have a very . . . specific way of thinking about things." *No one does thinks quite the way you do.*

Has there been a lot of discussion about the, uh, specific way I think? Will asks, because of course the FBI would dismiss from their ranks as an agent at the same time that they tried to bring him back in as a suspect. He's not surprised, but it still stings, deep in his omega-heart, that his only worthiness is his half-broken mind.

Then again, Will has abused birth control and suppressants for so long that he's probably barren, so it's not like he's an attractive candidate on that front either.

“You make jumps you can’t explain,” Jack argues. *Impossible jumps.*

Will tenses. The agent who had dismissed him had said the exact same thing, right before she had implied that he better have a good solid alibi. *No, no. The* evidence *explains.*

Jack smiles, tense and self-satisfied, like a spider who is a centimeter away from the perfect meal. “Then help me find some evidence.” *Help me find this killer.*

Will signs out, *That may require me to be sociable.*

But Will agrees anyways, because here at least he can fulfill the beating, straining urge of his omega-heart to protect, protect, *protect*.

There is a man sitting in Jack’s office when Will finally turns up. He doesn’t pay the man much attention, aside from the little details Will can’t avoid picking up in the periphery – alpha, middle-aged, doctor – so he tunes the man out as Jack rattles off their newfound and frankly embarrassing surge in confessions.

Will doesn’t even realize that his hands are moving – *Tasteless* – until he sees the man’s hands moving back.

Do you have trouble with taste?

The man’s signing is neat, precise, controlled. He is almost the exact opposite of Jack, although Will can still see small personal flourishes.

It’s more out of surprise than actual desire to have a conversation that makes Will reply. Most alphas this man’s age are long since mated, and although it’s not strange that he is voiceless, he looks like the kind to have enough money to conduct a very thorough mate search.

My thoughts are often not tasty.

Nor mine, the man replies. *No effective barriers.*

I build forts.

Associations come quickly.

Will rolls his eyes. All of these alphas, they think themselves so witty, when in reality Will has had this argument several times over and finds it just as boring as the first time. There’s a reason he signs “forts” instead of “castles”. *So do forts.*

“Not fond of eye contact, are you?”

“Eyes are distracting. You see too much, you don’t see enough. And – And it’s hard to focus when you’re thinking, um, ‘Oh, those whites are really white’ or ‘He must have hepatitis’ or ‘Oh, is that a burst vein?’ So, yeah, I try to avoid eyes whenever possible.”

The doctor blinks calmly at him, and Will hadn't meant to say quite that much but it's out now. So Will takes a deep breath and turns his attention back to Jack, who is staring at them like this a tennis match that's gone horribly wrong and he's too busy being shocked to retrieve the ball and throw it back to the court to restart the game.

"Jack?" Will prompts, which is when it finally dawns on him.

They had been *speaking*. Out loud.

Will can *talk* and the realization of what his newfound ability means settles deep in his gut, so powerfully that Will barely contains the urge to retch. His omega-heart is fighting a war with his bond-drunk mind, and there can be no truce, no compromise, no avoidance; one will win, and Will, at the moment, blinded with the power of hearing his voice for the first time in decades, cannot quite decide which side he cheers on to victory.

There are stories of omegas and alphas who lose their voices. It's never pretty. But the stories exist for a reason, because even the death of a mate cannot take away a person's voice.

The alpha carries on as if he's been able to speak for years. Prick. "I imagine what you see and learn touches everything else in your mind. Your values and decency are present yet shocked at your associations, appalled at your dreams. No forts in the bone arena of your skull for things you love."

This is when Will has a second, even more appalling realization.

"Whose profile are you working on?" Will snarls, and he can tell from the way Jack straightens that his voice is dropping into pure omega territory, both challenge and warning. "Whose profile is he working on?"

"I'm sorry, Will," the alpha says immediately. "Observing is what we do. I can't shut mine off any more than you can shut yours off."

The polite thing, the proper thing, the omega thing would be to accept the apology, to back down, to loosen shoulders and bare throats. However, Will may never have heard this alpha's voice before today, but even he knows that the alpha didn't give that apology with the slightest hint of true sincerity.

He doesn't know whether he knows this because of his gifts or his omega instincts, and he refuses to examine just how much that terrifies him.

Instead, Will reverts to threatening. Omegas are always so often thought of as nurturers that it's easy to forget that one need not only nurture softness and gentleness. Will's omega father had nurtured his growth, but he had done so with a grim smile and harsh words, and Will had emerged fierce as any alpha. Besides, it's always amusing to watch the way alphas react to the challenge.

Usually, they're caught between answering the challenge, like they would to a fellow alpha, and backing down, like they would to an omega, and it's *hilarious* to watch their struggle.

So Will bares his teeth and says, “Don’t psychoanalyze me. You won’t like me when I’m psychoanalyzed.”

It’s not even a lie. The first alpha that had been assigned as his therapist had quit after two sessions with Will, and Will hadn’t even needed to bear his teeth at that one.

“Will,” Jack chides.

Will ignores him. He might as well cement his reputation while he’s here. “Now, if you’ll excuse me, I have to go give a lecture on psychoanalyzing.”

As he leaves, he catches sight of the two alphas in the reflective glass of the office door. Jack looks both exhilarated and stymied, because for all of his control and power he’s never quite managed to figure out where he falls on the scale of reacting to Will, and so he is at once thwarted and dying to respond to the challenge.

The alpha, on the other hand, looks . . . blank. Calm. Like the sand of a beach, weathering both the thunderous smashing of tsunamis and the gentle waves of the tide with equal patience.

Will’s omega-heart chimes, *This-one, this-one, this-one*.

Will tells it to get stuffed.

Will is, of course, not nearly so sanguine when the alpha turns up at the arse crack at dawn in front his door. Will might be sleepy and cranky from nightmares, but that does not mean he is blind to the way the alpha does not cross the threshold until he is invited, or the way the alpha serves the food to him first.

In the old days, courting always began with food.

Will jabs a fork into his eggs and pretends it is the manifestation of his omega-heart, which is beating so quickly Will is really astonished at how calmly he can still speak.

“Why are you here, Hannibal Lecter?” Will says.

Lecter blinks and stills. For a moment, Will can see the way his thoughts whirl and bounce in his eyes, the way he considers lying or implying, how he considers words and meanings and synonyms, click-click-click, like a train rattling along at breakneck speed around a curve until it reaches the destination just out of sight. “Why do you ask questions to which you already know the answers, Will Graham?”

Will scowls. Just for that, he reverts to sign language. *Gaining the ability to speak does not mean you should waste it on stupid questions.*

Lecter has the gall to *smile* at him. He doesn’t stop speaking though. “My apologies. I am afraid that it was a sort of . . . knee jerk reaction. I have had many omegas and alphas ask me the exact same question. The answer often dictated how the rest of the conversation would proceed.”

I should have said, don't waste it on stupidly long sentences either, Will signs. God, the last thing he needs to end up mated to an alpha who can't ever shut the hell up.

"Is it waste to use what we have been given?"

"It is when you talk like that."

Lecter doesn't exactly smile; Will gets the feeling smiling isn't really something Lecter does often and perhaps his quota has already been used up for the day. But the corners of his mouth twitch and his scent evens out, and Will is relaxing without conscious thought, because a happy alpha is usually a good thing for an omega.

Usually.

"Very well," Lecter says. He straightens his shoulders and leans forward, not challenging, but just enough to make a statement. "I am here, Will Graham, because in you I have found the power of speech, and we both know what that means."

"That you can be just as annoying in person as you are over text?"

Lecter ignores him. Prick. "I would like to get to know you, Will."

"If you mean biblically, I have no objections about tossing you from my room and slamming the door on you," Will says pleasantly. He doesn't actually think Lecter would attempt anything, because Lecter seems like the kind of old-fashioned gentleman that would be horrified to see Will wearing anything less than a pristine three-piece suit in public, but sometimes thoughts aren't enough and words must be spoken. Lecter has let him dictate the conversation so far and Will intends to keep it that way.

"Let's start with introductions first," Lecter replies, sounding amused. "God forbid that we become friendly."

Will stabs a sausage and pretends it's Lecter. It's very satisfying. "I don't have friends."

"Because they did not want you or you did not want them?"

"I thought I said no psychoanalysis."

"Forgive me for resorting to underhanded psychology when you are attempting to make my nose bleed," Lecter says dryly.

Will stops chewing and sniffs himself. The problem with the kind of suppressants that Will abused for so long is that they made his control over his scent utter crap, and Will often broadcasts without realizing it. It's damn effective for someone who hasn't gained his voice, so Will has never really tried to learn control anew, but Lecter *is* right; right now he's broadcasting acid "go away" scents so strongly he really is surprised Lecter isn't pinching his nose shut or having blood drip from his nostrils.

Will doesn't apologize though. Lecter is broadcasting too, and two can play that game.

“Why are you here, Will Graham?” Lecter asks softly.

The words come unbidden, teased out by softness more effectively than they were pried out by brutal command. “Because I can speak, and I don’t know how to live like that.”

Lecter shrugs. “You will live like we all do: one day at a time, and this time filled with the opportunity to curse at people from a distance instead of simply signing foul words to the sidewalk.”

Will brightens. That is an excellent point.

“And do you have much experience signing foul words at the sidewalk, Dr. Lecter?”

“Perhaps,” Lecter says, slyness gleaming in his strange eyes. “Perhaps.”

It makes Will’s omega-heart flutter. He doesn’t want brute strength; he wants cunning and stealth and serenity, and Lecter has managed to track him down at a random motel, maneuver Will into letting him inside, and have an actual conversation without making Will long to lunge at his throat. Lecter’s not bad-looking either, with long legs and elegant hands and sharp teeth that speak both to the barely leashed brutality Will can sense inside and carefully constructed polished mask Lecter wraps himself in.

Will, for the first time in a long time, *wants*.

“All right, Lecter,” Will says, “don’t screw it up. I also reserve the right to still kick you out the door.”

“My dear Will,” Lecter purrs, “I am honored to have the chance.”

FINIS

Chapter End Notes

> Day 6 is "psychic bond". I have a vague idea of finally doing that "time traveler falls in love with an immortal" idea that's been rolling around, but we'll see.

End Notes

Come hang out with me on tumblr! I promise I don't bite :D

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!